

Name: _____ Section: _____ Date: _____

Excerpts from "The Odyssey"

Odysseus and the Sirens Text Chart

TEXT	WHAT THE AUTHOR IS SAYING	WHAT THE AUTHOR IS DOING
Now with a sharp sword I sliced an ample wheel of beeswax down into pieces, kneaded them in my two strong hands		
and the wax grew soft, worked by my strength and Helios' burning rays, the sun at high noon, and I stopped the ears of my comrades one by one.		
They bound me hand and foot in the tight ship— erect at the mast-block, lashed by ropes to the mast— and rowed and churned the whitecaps stroke on stroke.		

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We were just offshore as far as a man's shout can carry, scudding close, when the Sirens sensed at once a ship was racing past, and burst into their high, thrilling song:		
"Come closer, famous Odysseus— Achaëa's pride and glory— moor your ship on our coast so you can hear our song!		
Never has any sailor passed our shored in his black craft until he has heard the honeyed voices pouring from our lips,		
and once he ears to his heart's content sails on, a wiser man."		